

While We're Young by **Luddleston**

Series: [Bottom Shiro Week 2k19 \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

Adam gets Shiro a new toy.

It has some surprise features.

While We're Young

Author's Note:

For bottom Shiro week prompt "sex toys" (on twitter which.... i'm not even sure how to cross-post this to twitter, so. that'll be fun.)

Title is from a marianas trench song that's actually real sad but that album reminds me of shadam bc i first listened to it after my "OMG SHIRO IS OFFICIALLY GAY WAIT WHO THE FUCK IS ADAM" freak-out.

"You look so pretty like that." Adam punctuated his sentence with a sigh, purposefully dreamy, exaggerated to get Shiro's attention over the sound of his own labored breathing.

It was difficult to focus on Adam's voice anyway, difficult to focus on anything, because Shiro had a one-track mind when he had one of the sex toys Adam had somehow smuggled through the Garrison post office shoved up his ass.

Shiro was pretty sure Adam had just bought this dildo for him, as he'd never seen Adam use it, and that thought just turned him on even more. Adam had bought this thinking of what Shiro would look like spread-legged on the bedsheets and taking it for him, and then he'd ordered Shiro to act out that fantasy for him because Shiro was all too willing to do so.

He threw one arm up over his head, stretching out to show off his body just a little, his left hand working the toy in short, rapid thrusts, driving it purposefully against his prostate now that he was properly warmed up and ready to drive himself crazy.

The vibrating started without warning, perfectly-timed so that it clicked on when the toy was at its deepest point inside him, and Shiro gripped the base tighter, half-sitting up to stare at Adam, his mouth opened in a wordless 'O' of surprise. Adam was grinning, his fingers curled around a remote.

"Oh, and it can do that," he said, like it was just something he'd casually forgotten to mention, like he hadn't been hiding that remote in the pocket of his uniform for just this moment.

"You couldn't have—*ah*—warned me about that?"

The vibrating slowed, almost to a stop, leaving Shiro a shuddering mess in its wake, startled into having almost stopped moving entirely, except for his fingers curling into the sheets and his hips moving of their own accord, still pushing himself down onto the toy, chasing stimulation even when it was almost too much.

"I could have," Adam said, "but that wouldn't have been nearly as fun."

Shiro's eyes opened just in time to see Adam grin like a particularly satisfied cat, and then the vibration returned in full force and his head dropped back, his muscles refusing to hold him up, every point of his body focused on pleasure and nothing more. Okay, so maybe a surprise vibrator was kind of fun. At least, Shiro thought it might be, until Adam cut it off in what seemed to be an effort to absolutely fucking destroy him.

He whined, and it would've been embarrassing if he'd been with anybody other than Adam, but he couldn't bring himself to be shy when Adam answered with a low, broken moan, the kind that said he knew what he was doing to Shiro and he loved it. Shiro was rewarded with the vibrator coming back on and he started fucking himself with the toy again, looking up to catch Adam watching him. Somewhere in the interim where Shiro had been unable to keep his eyes open, Adam had worked open the front of his uniform, his chest and stomach bare, his right sleeve rolled up so he didn't risk getting it messy when he shoved his hand down his pants. *God*, Shiro thought, he could lose his mind watching this man.

"So, do you like my new toy?" Adam asked, sounding far too breathless to be so smug.

"Yeah... yeah, I like it."

"Feels good?"

Shiro's answer was mostly a moan, but it must've sounded affirmative enough.

"Does it feel as good as it does when I fuck you?"

Shiro inhaled sharply, his breath hissing between his teeth. "*Fuck.*" He shook his head. "No. No, you feel better."

Adam must've liked that answer, because the vibrations intensified, enough that Shiro stopped fucking himself with the toy and just held it in place, his back arching and his head dropping back, so all he saw was the ceiling.

That is, until Adam's face appeared above him, his uniform jacket gone entirely, now, one hand dropping the remote for the vibrator next to Shiro's shoulder before he placed both hands on Shiro's chest and leaned in to kiss him.

Shiro could hardly kiss back, and Adam figured that out pretty quickly and fumbled for the remote to turn the vibration down to a manageable level. He cradled Shiro's face with one hand while they kissed, and Shiro briefly wondered where the other one was, until he remembered, of course, Adam was probably still touching himself.

That was about when Adam decided to lean back, the moan Shiro had expected to press against Adam's mouth ringing loudly through the bedroom instead.

"God, you look good like this," Adam said, and Shiro couldn't imagine how—his face was heated and probably all red and blotchy, and his bangs were sticking to his forehead with sweat. "I love doing this to you. You're such a good boy for me, Takashi."

Shiro's answer was another pitiful whine, and he reached to pull Adam down to kiss him again, sloppily meeting his lips. Adam let it continue only for a moment before he pulled away, stroking his thumb down Shiro's cheekbone, giving him a sort of indulgent look.

"You've been so good for me," he said, and he reached over to click the vibrator off, which, at this point, was welcome, because it finally let Shiro think. "I wanna be good for you, too. What do you want, baby?"

"I don't want this," he said, punctuated by the, well, frankly, gross sound of the dildo sliding out of him, "I mean, it was nice, it was... well, fun, but. I want you."

"You have me," Adam said. "You've always got me."

Shiro frowned at him, and he looked pissed enough that Adam laughed, even as he adjusted them so he was sitting between Shiro's legs.

"I meant that literally," Shiro clarified.

"I meant it literally, too," Adam said, and he still wasn't moving, even though it was written on his face, he wanted to. "I'm here for you. Literally."

Shiro grabbed the remote off the bed, extending it toward Adam and nearly stabbing him in the nose with it. "Well, if you don't *literally* fuck me, *right now*, I'm going to turn this back on and take care of things myself."

And Adam, as he almost always did, gave Shiro what he wanted.

Author's Note:

Visit me on tumblr, twitter, & pillowfort @luddlestons!